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For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO—

With time do my feelings of happiness grow;

Then in my another—thine my joy;

Thine is my terror—thine smiles my reward.

A farewell, the heart's feeling oft feels.

With a tear, the attendant of sorrow;

And memory a woe often feels.

To retire each sweet scene on the morrow. S.

From the Casket.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

We lead the life of the slave,

When the sun in his depth doth keep,

But free as the foam created wave,

We rove on the breast of the deep.

From the land where by winter in gloom,

With the man's heavy bosom our home,

To the clime where the breeze wafts perfume,

Or death had profound what was born for the skies?

M. S. S.

The sun had sunk in the western horizon.

The lingering twilight shed a feeble and dying

like lustre over the landscape, and cloathed the

surrounding heavens with those varied hues and

rodoments which are the tokens of incipient

accustomed to view in an Italian sunset. The stars

were coming into view silently; and one, in

their lofty eminence, seemed to take their

station as the guardians of night, over the

lonely world. The hum and bustle of the distant

camp had almost died away with the declining

light, and marking their resting place, till morning

should again open to them new sources of profit,

pleasure and gratification. It was the hour when

the heart, if ever, must be open with benevolence

to all mankind; and the full soul think of by-gone

days, departed joys, and the melancholy

and pleasing scenes of life.

The bounding Ohio, on the left, was rolling its

peaceful water to the ocean. At a distance be-

yond a grove of woods, that skirted its margin,

lay the encamped host of freedom's sons. Each

thinking of his distant home, and friends, and

wife, and mother, and home, and the scenes of

the war—of the war—of the scenes of

revenge and of death—of the scenes of

glory and of victory.

"One moment more. They will soon

be here," muttered Maria, in a low, smothered

tone, as she tripped, with a light heart, through

the parlor where her parents were seated. "Wil-

liam Cleveland will soon be here, and I must be

ready at the appointed hour."

The old woman was seated in a chair, with

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